

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

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SMS

James R. Smith
Jamie Tolagson

Erik Saltzgeber
Joe Barruso

Miguel Ferrer
Bill Mumy
Bill Wray





foreword
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Original Sin
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James Novak
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Lingerings
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Tunnel of Love
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The Trainer
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FOREWORD

As I recall, the graveyard of undead was right of the altar. Behind the pews, willing victims crawled past bloody teeth into a demon's mouth. And the mad doctor practiced vivisection in the Sunday school classroom.

That's human vivisection, of course.

I refer to that most dichotomous of American institutions, the church haunted house. Once upon each Halloween the St. Gabriel's youth group hung body parts in the corridors and crannies of the church building, as crowds gathered to get the bejeesus scared out of 'em in a place normally reserved for getting you-know-who drummed into 'em. All manner of thing slithered through that creepshow — and that was only the paying patrons. As to the performers, I will always recall them fiendishly, ahem, fondly. My mother cackling over a witch's cauldron. The airlock oozing alien slime built by my dad. Shambling zombies answering to my brother's names. My friend, Pat Denham's adding ambience by screaming herself hoarse, hitting notes the choir never dreamed.

I don't think we were insane . . . at least, not certifiably; other churches put on spook houses, I know, I've seen mention of them in supermarket flyers and the Time-Life *Unknowable Mysteries* series (read the book!). Still, there was always something odd in a house of God, a beacon of light, sanctioning a get-together that pulled out all the stops to stir up darkness; it didn't matter that the box of eyeballs were only peeled grapes (was that all?), or that the intestines shoved into your hands was just cold spaghetti (you hope . . .), skin had done some version of its crawling act by the time you came out of St. Gabe's those nights. And what attracted such opposites? The cash register's ring? A race memory of ancient pagan rituals? Some deep metaphor a light existing only through the fact of primordial dark? Or perhaps just the acknowledgment that it's good for the soul to be scared sometimes . . .

We won't answer those questions here tonight, but we will invite you in to our version of that haunted house. Our staff vivisectionist is out, but we do have **Hellraiser** alumni James Robert Smith and newcomer Jamie Tolagson's "Lingerings," a haunting testimony to loneliness and lunacy. No witches, but there is a mother fighting Hell itself for her lost child in "Original Sin"; writer Ron Wolfe and artist SMS chronicle the descent. There are no demons' mouths to crawl, but we offer "Tunnels of Love," passages triggering a private war between a soldier and Cenobites; it's a 'Nam flashback of Erik Saltzgaber — also scripting the comic adaptation of Clive's *Weaveworld* — and illustrator Joe Barruso. And while we're low on alien slime, there's plenty of the human variety in "The Trainer," a gambling parable by writers Bill Mumy and Miguel Ferrer and artist Bill Wray (now coloring the upcoming *POV* limited series).

Here, gentle reader, in our dark church, the eyeballs are truly eyeballs and the intestines are still warm. Plunge your hands in deep and pray . . .

. . . as if that will do you any good.

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor





ORIGINAL SIN

Ron Wolfe
writer
SMS
artist
James Novak
letterer

I'M SORRY, ANDY... I SHOULDN'T TRY TO TAKE AWAY YOUR FAVORITE TOY.

HE HAS SO LITTLE, AND SHE WANTED SO MUCH FOR HIM.

LAURA KENDALL CAN'T BEAR TO DEPRIVE HER BABY OF THE ONLY TOY HE'S EVER LOVED...

EVEN THOUGH THE STRANGE BLOCK SEEMS TO BE MORE THAN A TOY TO HIM.

AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO WALK, ANDY? IT'S TIME, YOU OUGHT TO WALK!

AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO TALK TO ME?

SHE HAS WATCHED HIM... TURNING, TWISTING, PRYING AT THE BLOCK, ARRESTING HIS NORMAL DEVELOPMENT...

LAURA, DAMN YOU!

A BABY'S FLEETING SPAN OF ATTENTION SHOULDN'T ALLOW FOR SUCH A THING AS OBSESSION. BUT LAURA DOESN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO CALL IT.

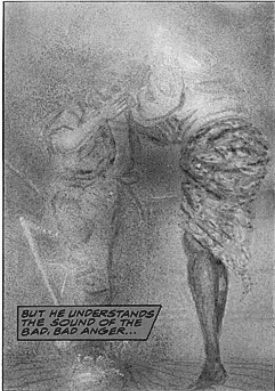
FOR MONTHS--EVER SINCE SHE BROUGHT HIM THE BLOCK IN A SACK OF ALPHABET BLOCKS FROM THE FLEA MARKET...



LITTLE ANDREW
DOESN'T UNDER-
STAND ANY OF THIS.



BUT HE UNDERSTANDS
THE SOUND OF THE
BAD, BAD ANGER...



...AND THAT
LAURA LOVES
HIM...



...AND THAT JACK IS
HURTING LAURA...



...AND THAT BIG JACK WOULD
LIKE TO HURT HIM, TOO.



THAT HE CAN
STOP THE
ANGRY VOICES.
HE CAN MAKE
THINGS
CHANGE.



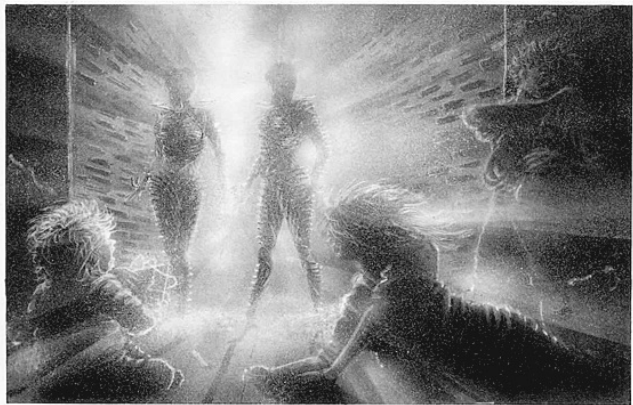
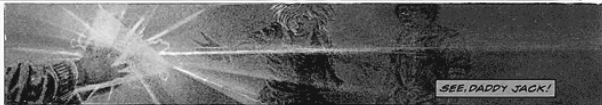
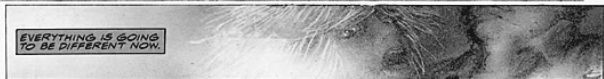
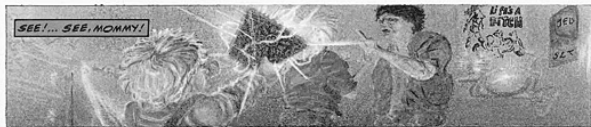
IF ONLY,
IF ONLY
HE CAN...



WORK THE
PUZZLE!



AND, MOST OF ALL,
HE UNDERSTANDS
THE WHISPERED
PROMISE OF THE
PUZZLE BOX.



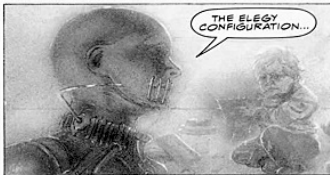


THEY WERE IDENTICAL
SISTERS. BOTH HAD
CRYSTAL BLUE EYES;
BOTH HAD MUSICAL
VOICES.

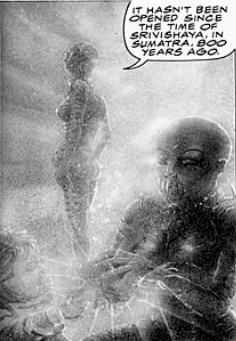
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO
--A MULTITUDE OF SINS
AGO, FORGOTTEN SINS
--REMEMBERED PAINS.



AS CENOBIITE SISTERS IN PAIN...
THEY HAVE THEIR DIFFERENCES.



THE ELEGY
CONFIGURATION...



IT HASN'T BEEN
OPENED SINCE
THE TIME OF
SRIVISHAYA, IN
SUMATRA, 800
YEARS AGO.



W-WHO
ARE
YOU?...



SILENCE!



JACK!
LET ME
GO!





LET GO!
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THEM!

DON'T
BE CRAZY,
LAURA.

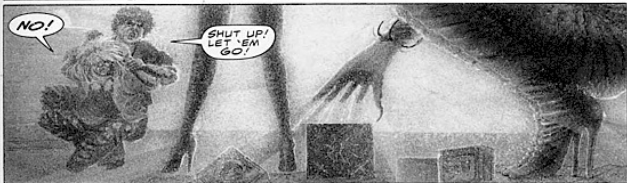


WHATEVER THEY
ARE... ALL THEY WANT
IS THE BABY.

AND WE DON'T
NEED THE BABY,
HONEY-PIE. WE
NEVER DID.



YOU AND
ME... THAT'S
ALL WE
NEED.



NO!

SHUT UP!
LET 'EM
GO!



IF WE COULD CHOOSE, IT
WOULD BE YOU THAT WE
TOOK INTO HELL, JACK
KENDALL.

BUT WE ARE
BOUND BY THE LAW
OF LEVIATHAN. WE
DON'T CHOOSE.

LAURA USED TO IMAGINE SHE WOULD BE
THRILLED TO HEAR THE FIRST WORD THAT
ANDY LEARNED TO SAY.

INSTEAD, IT BREAKS
HER HEART.



MOMMM-
MAAA!



UNGHH!

SHE'D NEVER STRUCK BACK AT HIM BEFORE. SHE'D FEARED TO RISK THE CONSEQUENCE--

--JACK'S CRUELTY, HIS JEALOUSY, HIS DRUNKEN RAGE. NOW, SHE DOESN'T CARE.



SHE FOLLOWS THE CENO-BITES, EVEN AS THE WALL ITSELF BEGINS TO SOLIDIFY BEHIND HER, LIKE A HARDENING WEB.



WAIT!



WAIT!

SHE STRUGGLES OUT OF THE JACKET, TERRIFIED, DESPERATE TO SAVE HER CHILD.

BUT THE SISTERS DON'T ANSWER HER CRIES. THEY DON'T WAIT FOR HER. THEY IN NO WAY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT LAURA EXISTS, LEAVING HER ALONE.

ALONE AND LOST... IN HELL.

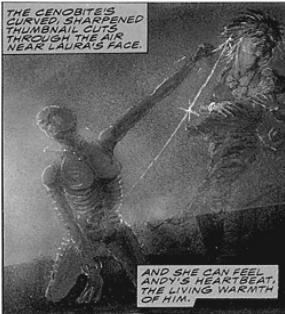
MOOOOOO-MA!



LAURA'S FEAR IS TERRIBLE. BUT ANDY IS EVERYTHING GOOD IN HER LIFE, AND THERE ISN'T A FEAR IN HELL TO EQUAL THE LOVE SHE FEELS FOR HIM.



THE CENOBIITE'S CURVED, SHARPENED THUMBAIL CUTS THROUGH THE AIR NEAR LAURA'S FACE.



CLUTCHING ANDY, LAURA RUNS THE ONLY WAY SHE CAN -- DEEPER, DARKER, INTO THE LABYRINTH.

SHE ESCAPES FROM THE CENOBIITE SISTERS, THINKING, MAYBE, SHE GOT LUCKY.

AS IF THERE COULD BE ANY SUCH THING AS LUCK IN HELL.





LIGHT!
THERE'S LIGHT
AHEAD OF US,
ANDY!...

LIGHT, YES-- THE LIGHT
OF A THOUSAND GLIT-
TERING TORCHES THAT
LINE THE WALL OF THE
DESCENDING STAIRS--
BUT HER EYES AREN'T
USED TO IT.

IN THIS MOMENT, SHE
IS NEARLY AS BLIND
AS THE CENOBITE
WITH NO EYES.

SHE FALTERS. HER
FEET SLIDE ON THE
COLD, WET STONE
OF THE STAIRWAY.
SHE GROPEs TO-
WARD THE WALL
FOR SUPPORT, UN-
ABLE TO SEE WHAT
SHE'S TOUCHING.

BUT THE WALL
SEES HER.



OH-MHH!
MY HAND!



ANDY!
HANG ONTO
ME, BABY!

THROWN OFF BALANCE,
LAURA PLUMMETS INTO
THE UNKNOWN, FEARING
THEY MIGHT FALL
FOREVER.



BUT THIS ISN'T FOREVER--
IT'S A FLOOR MADE OF ROUGH
SLABS OF ROCK, SPATTERED
WITH LAURA'S BLOOD, LEAVING
HER TO SEARCH HERSELF
FOR BROKEN BONES.

INSTEAD SHE FINDS ANDY'S
SHOE-- A TINY REMINDER
OF HER SANITY.



HA! HA-HA-AAA!
ANDY DROPPED HIS
SHOE. WHOOPS,
KIDDO!...

IF SHE CAN LAUGH, SHE
KNOWS SHE IS STRONGER
THAN SHE THOUGHT.



STRONGER
THAN JACK
EVER THOUGHT,
ALL THAT TIME...

...MAYBE
STRONG
ENOUGH.



AND MAYBE
NOT--



THE FIERY EYES
BEAR DOWN ON
HER.

BUT SHE IS LEARNING
THAT HELL IS A PLACE
FULL OF SURPRISES...

...ALTHOUGH NONE
THAT ARE PLEASANT.

MMMMMMOMMA!



ITS JOB IS TO STALK
THESE PASSAGeways IN
SEARCH OF LIVING THINGS
THAT DON'T BELONG--

--IN SEARCH OF LIVING
THINGS THAT BLEED TOO
FREELY.

MOTHERS, BABIES--
THINGS LIKE THAT.

SNUFF-FFF
FFF



THE STONE GIVES WAY TO WOOD--
WOODEN STAIRS THAT SAG AND
CREAK BENEATH HER, THREATENING
TO BREAK--TO SEND HER FALLING
INTO THE UNFATHOMABLE DARKNESS.

SHE IS AFRAID TO MOVE,
AFRAID TO RUN--

SNUFFFF!
SNE!
SNUFFFF!

AFRAID TO STOP
RUNNING.



THE SHOE IS STAINED WITH HER BLOOD-- STEEPED
WITH HER DESPERATION, AS LAURA THROWS IT
DOWN A STAIRWELL THAT BRANCHES TO THE SIDE,
AWAY FROM HER.

AWAY FROM
ANDY--

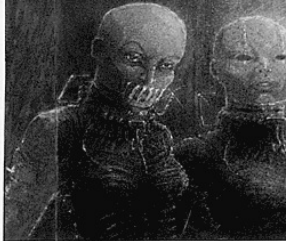
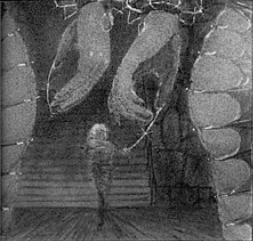
HUSH!
MOMMY
WON'T LET
THEM HURT
YOU!

SNF!

THE CREATURE
SNUFFLES
PAST HER.

IT LEAVES HER TO THE DARKNESS--
AND TO THE WET SOUND OF ITS FRENZY
THE RENDING OF ANDY'S SHOE.

BUT NOW, LAURA, TOO, HAS
FOUND SOMETHING OTHER
THAN WHAT SHE EXPECTED.



YOU'VE COME HERE
IN VAIN, LAURA KENDALL.
THE BABY IS OURS. NOTHING
CAN CHANGE THAT.



I-I WON'T
LEAVE WITH-
OUT HIM.



THEN STAY IN
HELL FROM THIS
TIME ON. CHOOSE
WHAT YOU WILL
STAY, AND WE'LL
MAKE A GAME
OF IT.



IF YOU PROTECT YOUR
BABY WELL ENOUGH--
MAKE HIM STRONG
ENOUGH--HE MIGHT
ESCAPE FROM THIS
PLACE.

BUT YOU WILL
NOT ESCAPE. YOU
WILL THINK BACK TO
WHEN FREEDOM WAS
YOURS FOR THE TAK-
ING. BUT YOUR FREE-
DOM IS GONE NOW.
HELL IS FOREVER.

DO YOU BIND
YOURSELF TO THIS
AGREEMENT?



I...
FOR ANDY
...Y-YES.



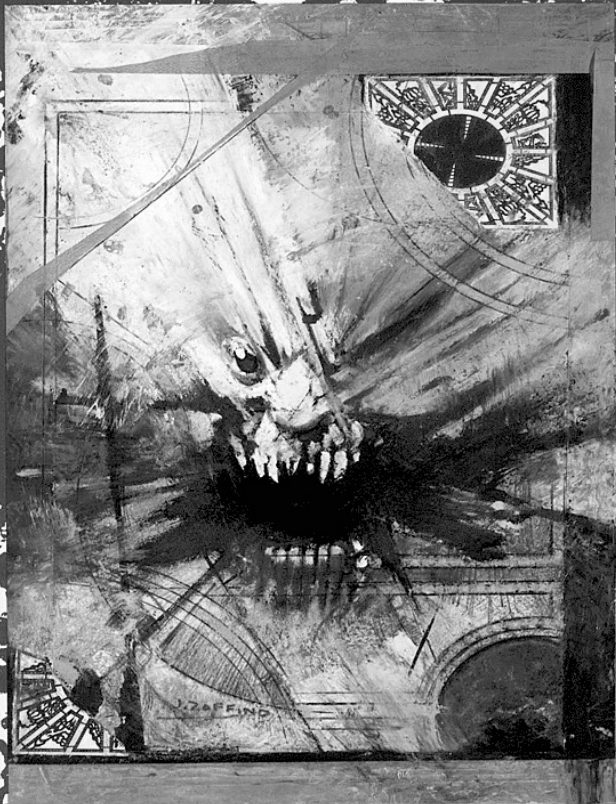
WELCOME
TO GRIEF--

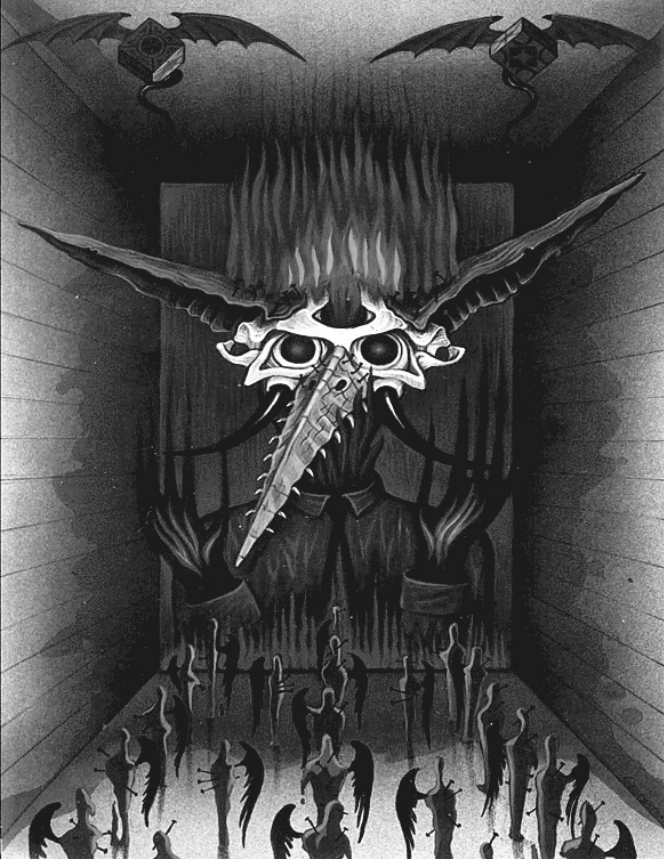
TO PAIN--

WELCOME
TO HELL.



The End





PROLOGUE

IT'S ALMOST
LIKE A NEW
APARTMENT.

James Robert Smith
writer
Jamie Tolagson
artist
Timothy Harkins
letterer

NO ONE HAS
LIVED IN THIS
UNIT SINCE WE
REMODELED THE
BUILDING.

THE PLACE SMELLED
PLEASANTLY OF FRESH
PAINT AND POLISHED
WOOD.

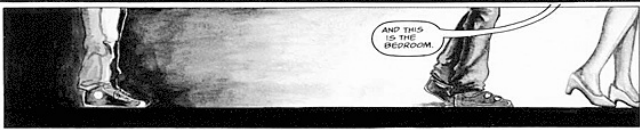
THIS IS A NICE
ROOM. IT COULD BE
A SECOND BEDROOM,
OR A DEN, OR AN
OFFICE. WHATEVER
YOU LIKE.

IT IS
NICE. I LOVE
THE HIGH
CEILINGS!

YES, THIS IS AN
OLDER BUILDING,
AND THEY ALL USED
TO HAVE THE HIGH
CEILINGS, BIG
ROOMS. BUT DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
YOUR HEATING BILL.
WE'VE UPGRADED
ALL THE INSULATION.

CALVIN LIKED IT IN
ATLANTA. NO ONE
ASKED ANY PRYING
QUESTIONS.

CALVIN WAS HAPPY WITH THE
APARTMENT AND TIRED OF
SEARCHING FOR A PLACE
TO LIVE. HE HOPED MUB LIKED
IT, TOO. NOT THAT IT MATTERED. MUB
WOULD FOLLOW HIM ANYWHERE.





THAT'S JUST A SCULPTURE A PREVIOUS TENANT BUILT. WE LEFT IT SINCE IT SEEMS TO FIT THE ROOM SO WELL. IF YOU WANT US TO, WE CAN HAVE IT REMOVED.



OH, NO? I LIKE IT! LEAVE IT THERE.

AND THAT... WELL, IT DOESN'T GO ANYWHERE. THAT IS, IT'S JUST A WALL. IT USED TO LEAD TO ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING, BUT THAT SECTION ISN'T EVEN THERE ANYMORE.



JUST BRICK AND GIRDER, BUT RESSES, NOW.

AND WHY DID THEY LEAVE THE DOOR LIKE THAT?



THAT'S ONE I CAN'T ANSWER. IF YOU'D LIKE, I CAN ASK SOMEONE TO FIND OUT. BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK IT AFFECTS THE ROOM IN A BAD WAY.



IF YOU WANT MY OPINION AS THE MANAGER, I THINK THIS IS THE NICEST APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING. YOU'RE ON THE TOP FLOOR, LAST ON THE WING, NO NEIGHBORS ABOVE, AND ONLY ONE TO YOUR WEST, AND A GREAT VIEW OF ATLANTA.



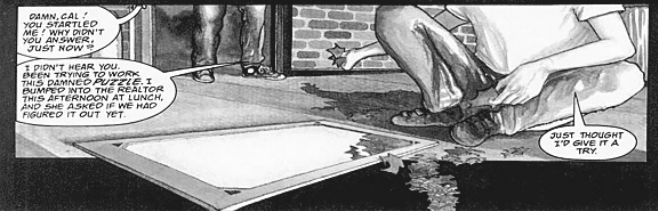
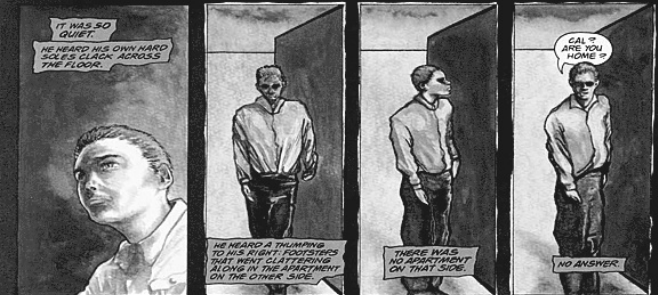
WELL, IT IS A NICE APARTMENT. WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAL? TIRED OF LOOKING AROUND?

DEFINITELY. SICK AND TIRED.



WELL, THEN, WHERE DO WE SIGN?

LINGERING





THAT NIGHT, HUB COULDN'T SLEEP. HE LAY THERE AND WORRIED ABOUT WORK; HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS NEW JOB.

HE ENJOYED ATLANTA AND THE FREEDOM IT OFFERED, BUT HE MISSED HIS OLD JOB, HIS OLD DRAFTING TABLE, HIS FORMER FELLOW WORKERS.

WHY HAD CAL INSISTED ON PUTTING THE BED WHERE IT WAS? HE WISHED THEY DIDN'T HAVE THAT DAMNABLE DOOR AT THEIR HEADS, BETTER TO HAVE IT AT THEIR FEET WHERE HE COULD KEEP AN EYE ON IT. SOMETIMES, HE GAVE IN TO CAL TOO EASILY.

HE STARED AT THE ANFUL, BLACK RECTANGLE.



HE COULD HEAR SOMETHING...

TICK

DUST FALLING, HE THOUGHT.

TICK

TICK!
TICK!
SCRATCH!



GAL! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HUN? HUN? WHU?ZEIT?

THEN, THERE WAS A VAGUE FAR AWAY THUMPING COMING FROM SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE WALL AT THEIR HEADS.

SOMETHING WAS SCRATCHING AT THE NOTHING DOOR, FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

NOTHING, FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT, NOTHING.





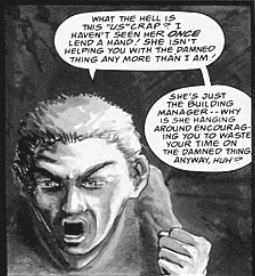
COME ON, HUB.
GIVE ME A HAND.
YOU'RE MUCH BETTER
AT COLOR THAN
I AM.

NO, THANKS.
I DON'T FEEL
LIKE PUTTING IT
TOGETHER.

I REALLY WISH
YOU'D GIVE US A HAND
WITH IT. I FEEL LIKE I'VE
ALMOST GOT IT FIGURED
OUT. IT'S NOT SO MUCH
FITTING THE PARTS TO-
GETHER, AS BLENDING
THE COLORS. IT'S WEIRD.
I MEAN LOOK HOW THE
GREEN ONES I PUT IN
YESTERDAY BLENDED
IN WITH THE RED
ONES. WILD.

WISH YOU'D
HELP US WITH
IT, HUB.

US?!



WHAT THE HELL IS
THIS 'UST GRAP'? I
HAVEN'T SEEN HER *ONCE*!
LEND A HAND! SHE ISN'T
HELPING YOU WITH THE DAMNED
THING ANY MORE THAN I AM!

SHE'S JUST
THE BUILDING
MANAGER--WHY
IS SHE HANGING
AROUND ENCOURAG-
ING YOU TO WASTE
YOUR TIME ON
THE DAMNED THING
ANYWAY, HUH?!

THERE WAS A MOMENT
OF AWKWARD SILENCE.



PERHAPS
I'D BETTER
LEAVE.



WHO THE HELL DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE? YOU CAN'T
TREAT OUR GUESTS LIKE THAT! NO
WONDER WE'RE HAVING SUCH A HARD
TIME MAKING FRIENDS AROUND HERE!
IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR LOUSY ATTIT-
TITUDE, WE'D HAVE MET A LOT MORE
PEOPLE SINCE WE MOVED TO
ATLANTA!



HE HEARD THEM MUTTERING
TO ONE ANOTHER AS THEY
VANISHED TOWARD THE
FRONT OF THE APARTMENT.

SKETCH



CAL HAD BEEN TRYING VERY HARD TO COMPLETE THE PUZZLE. IF HIS LOVER HAD A BETTER EYE FOR COLOR, HE'D HAVE GOTTEN AS FAR AS HE HAD MUCH SOONER.

HUB COULD HAVE TOLD HIM WHAT HE'D BEEN DOING WRONG, BUT HE HADN'T. HE WASN'T SURE WHY, HE JUST DIDN'T LIKE IT...



CAL HAD BEEN ALMOST OBSESSED WITH THE THING IN RECENT DAYS EVER SINCE SHE HAD BUMPED INTO HIM THAT DAY, ASKING HIM IF HE'D TRIED IT, YET.



STILL, HUB REALIZED THAT HE WAS BEING PETULANT ABOUT THE WHOLE THING. HE KNEW CAL WELL ENOUGH SO THAT HE SHOULDN'T BE JEALOUS. PERHAPS...



HE COULD SEE, RIGHT AWAY, WHERE CAL HAD GONE WRONGS.

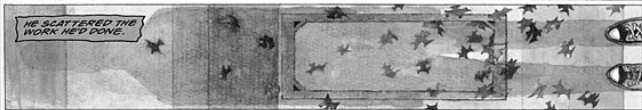


SKRITCH
SKRATCH

THE DOOR WAS A DARK PRESENCE IN THE ROOM WITH HIM. HE REALIZED NOW, AFRAID OF IT HE WAS.



HE SCATTERED THE WORK HE'D DONE.



HUB'S NIGHTMARE...

HE LOOKED UP AT THE CHURCH: THE SAME ONE HIS PARENTS HAD TAKEN HIM TO FOR YEARS AND YEARS. THE WIND FELT COOL AND SWEET ON HIS FACE.

SOMEONE WALKED UP, PATTING HIM AND MUMBLING SOMETHING IN HIS EAR.

WHY WAS HE SO NERVOUS? IT WAS ONLY HIS WEDDING DAY.

THERE WAS MUSIC. HIS FATHER SMILED AT HIM AND SPOKE.

NERVOUS, SON?

FACES LOOKED UP AT HIM. TWO HUNDRED, AT LEAST. ALL OF THE FAMILY'S RELATIVES: AUNTS, UNCLE'S, COUSINS, HIS PARENTS' FRIENDS, THEIR COUSIN'S. THE WHOLE TOWN.

MY GOD...

THE BOY IS...

THAT'S A...

THE BRIDE'S MARCH BEGAN. THE ORGAN HUMMING AT THEM.

EVERY FACE MELTED INTO BLANK STARES OF DISGUST.

NO!

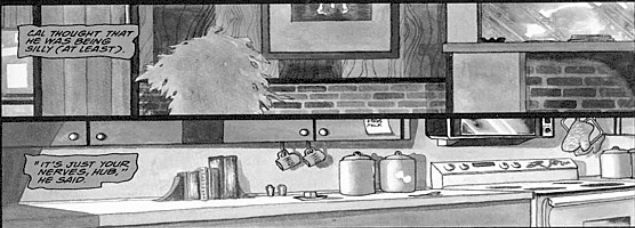


HUB DID HIS DARNDDEST
NOT TO GET HOME BE-
FORE CALVIN DID NOT
ANYMORE.

HE WAS CONTENT TO FIND AN
EMPTY BENCH ON THE STREET
AND SIT ALONE UNTIL HE FELT
THAT CAL HAD HAD ENOUGH
TIME TO MAKE THE DRIVE
BACK TO THE APARTMENT.

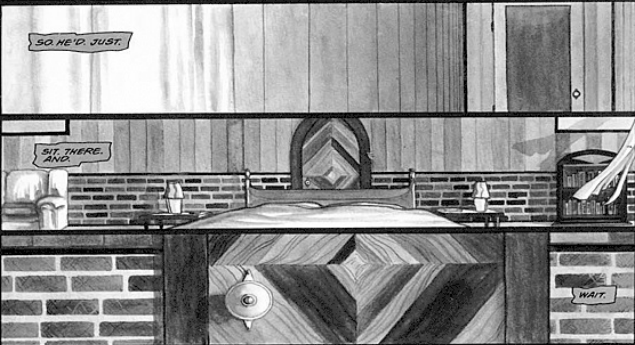
SOMETIMES IT WOULD BE DARK, TWILIGHT
BEARING TO BLACK BEFORE HE'D FEEL
THAT HE COULD HEAD TOWARD THEIR HOME.

HE JUST DIDN'T
WANT TO GO
IN ALONE.



CAL THOUGHT THAT
HE WAS BEING
SILLY (AT LEAST).

"IT'S JUST YOUR
NERVES, HUB,"
HE SAID.



SO HE'D. JUST.

SIT THERE.
AND.

WAIT.

UNTIL...

WHY DID YOU
DO THAT? I
ALMOST HAD
IT FINISHED!

I'M SICK
OF IT! YOU'RE
OBSESSED
WITH IT AND
I'M SICK
OF IT.

NO! THAT'S NOT IT, AT ALL!
YOU'RE JEALOUS! EVERY TIME
I WANT TO HAVE SOME FRIENDS
OVER, YOU GET LIKE THIS! EVERY
TIME I BRING UP THE SUBJECT
OF HAVING A PARTY HERE,
YOU FLY INTO THIS KIND
OF REACTION.

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I'M GOING
OUT FOR A
WHILE TO LET
YOU STEW
ALONE.

HUB HEARD CAL
SLAM THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM AS
HE LEFT.

HE COULDN'T STAND IT
ANYMORE. HE COULDN'T
TAKING. HE PULLED THE
WEIGHT OF THE BIG BED
AWAY FROM THE GOD-
DAMNED DOOR.

HE STARED
AT IT.

GOD.

REALLY, IT COULDN'T GO
ANYWHERE. HUB HAD SOME
OUT ON THE WALK JUST
AS THE MANAGER HAD
TOLD HIM TO, AND HE HAD
SEEN WHERE THE WING
HAD BEEN SHOWN OFF
AND BRACES PUT IN
PLACE.

JUST A BLANK WALL WITH
NICE COLUMNS OF NEW
BRICK TO COVER THE METAL
SUPPORTS. THERE WAS
NOTHING THERE, AT ALL.

EXCEPT THAT THERE WAS. HE'D
HEARD THEM SPEAKING. AL-
THOUGH HE COULDN'T UNDER-
STAND WHAT THEY WERE
MUTTERING TO THEM-
SELVES IN THERE.

BEHIND HIM,
THERE WAS A
PRESENCE.

CRACK

CAL! NO!

I DIDN'T HEAR
YOU COME BACK
IN!

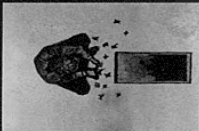
DAMN YOU,
HUB! WHAT
THE HELL...?

HUB AGREED TO
SEE A DOCTOR.
HE HAD TO, OR
CAL WOULD
HAVE LEFT
HIM.



IT'S GUILT. IT'S THE GUILT
THAT YOU FEEL FOR BEING
DIFFERENT. FEELING YOU'RE
BETRAYING YOUR FRIENDS
AND FAMILY, AND YOU'RE
UNDER A LOT OF
PRESSURE.

A NEW CITY, A NEW
HOME, A NEW WAY OF
LIFE. I'M NOT SURPRISED
THAT YOU'D BE FEELING
THE EFFECTS. NOT AT ALL.



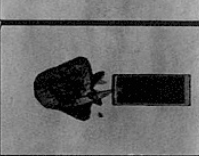
ANOTHER VISIT TO
THE PHYSICIAN
UNDER HIS BELT,
HUB MADE HIS
WAY BACK HOME.



TONIGHT, THEY WERE ACTUALLY GOING TO HAVE A PARTY, OF
SORTS. CALVIN HAD INVITED A NUMBER OF HIS NEW FRIENDS
TO COME OVER TO SPEND THE EVENING. THERE'D BE DRINKS,
TALK, SOME SMOKE. HUB WONDERED WHAT THEY'D THINK
OF HIM.



CAL ADMITTED HE'D
HAD A HELL OF A
TIME CONVINCING
MANY OF THEM THAT
THE NASTY CONFUSION
ON HIS FACE WAS
THE RESULT OF AN
ACCIDENT. THEIR
FIRST REACTIONS
WERE THAT HE'D
BEEN THE VICTIM
OF A BATTERING.



BUT IF HUB WAS FEELING
ANXIOUS ABOUT MEETING
PEOPLE WHO MAY THINK
THAT HE WAS A DRAUL
SON-OF-A-BITCH, HE
WASN'T GOING TO LET
CAL NOTICE.

HE'D JUST ZIP ON UP TO THE APARTMENT,
PUT HIS BEST FACE ON, AND ACT HAPPY TO BE
MEETING ALL OF THE STRANGE FOLK HIS
LOVER WAS BRINGING INTO THEIR HOME.

TRYING THE DOOR, HE
SAW THAT IT WASN'T
LOCKED.



GOOD. CAL
IS ALREADY
HOME.



HE WAS GREETED WITH THE SMELLS OF GOOD COOKING. CAL WAS THERE AND BUSY HE COULD FEEL IT.

CAL! I'M HOME!

THE OVEN WAS ON. TWO POTS SIMMERED ATOP THE STOVE, ONE ABOUT TO BOIL OVER.

CAL! YOU'RE GOING TO LET THIS STUFF BOIL OVER ON US! YOU'D BETTER GET IN HERE, OR TELL ME WHAT TO DO BEFORE OUR GUESTS GET HERE.

CAL?

CAL?

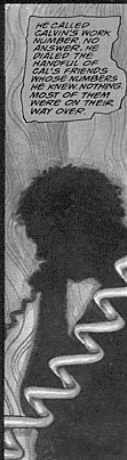
IN THE HALLWAY, HE HEARD IT. SOMETHING HUGE, MUFFLED, ROLLED ALONG ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL. SOMETHING OLD AND ROTTEN AND NEARLY FORGOTTEN, SHIFTED OVER THERE AND IT WAS DRAGGING SOMETHING.

IN SPITE OF THE TIGHT WAD OF FEAR THAT WEIGHED HIS GUT--OR BECAUSE OF IT--HE WENT INTO THE BEDROOM.

HUB FROZE, LISTENING. OH, PLEASE, NO, HE SIGNED.

THE FLOOR WAS COATED WITH SOMETHING STICKY, AS IF A GIANT SLUG HAD CRAWLED ACROSS IT.

THE BED WAS TILTED ASKEW; IT HAD BEEN SHOVED OUT OF THE WAY WHEN SOMETHING HAD COME THROUGH THAT DAMNED DOOR!





NO ONE FOUND CAL.
NO ONE COULD.

THE POLICE SUSPECTED HUB. HE WAS SURE OF THAT. BUT, THEY COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING. NOT ANY OF THE REMINDERS OF VIOLENT BEHAVIORS FROM CAL'S FRIENDS OR FELLOW WORKERS WERE ENOUGH TO HAVE HIM ARRESTED AND CHARGED.

SO THEY'D MERELY CHALKED IT UP AS ANOTHER MISSING PERSON, AND HUB AS ANOTHER CRAZY FAGGOT.

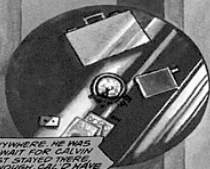


HUB KNEW WHERE CALVIN WAS. OH, YES. CAL WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT GODDAMNED DOOR WHERE HUB COULDN'T GET TO HIM.



SOMETHING HEAVY AND WET AS DEATH AND JEALOUSY HAD SNAMBLED THROUGH AND HAD TAKEN HIM. HE KNEW.

BUT HUB WASN'T GOING ANYWHERE. HE WAS GOING TO LIVE THERE AND WAIT FOR CALVIN TO COME BACK. IF HUB JUST STAYED THERE LIVED THERE, AND LOVED ENOUGH, CAL'D HAVE TO COME BACK.



KNOCK!
KNOCK!

HE'D HAVE TO.



HAVE YOU TRIED WORKING THE PUZZLE?



AND SO HE STAYED, LISTENING FOR THE SOUNDS, THE MUFFLED STEPS, THE STIFLED VOICES.

AFTER A WHILE, HE HEARD THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN. AT NIGHT HE'D LISTEN TO THEM MOVING ABOUT, BREATHING, SOMETIMES TESTING THE DOOR, WAITING FOR HIM TO GIVE UP.

HE WOULD LIE THERE IN THE DARK IN THEIR BED WHERE HE COULD WATCH, ON THE OTHER SIDE, THE DOOR WAS TRYING TO OPEN. IT WAS CALVIN. HE KNEW IT.

AT LAST THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO HOLD HIM HERE. HE STILL SENSED THE EVIL BEHIND... WITHIN THE DOOR. HE STILL FELT IT. BUT HE ALSO FELT CAL THERE.

AND HE FELT THE EMPTINESS IN HIS OWN LIFE, WITHOUT CAL.

AS THE DOOR CREAKED SLOWLY OPEN, HUB YIELDED TO THE COMING EMBRACE.

THE POKED, RUST-ENCRUSTED LIMBS THAT YANKED HIM THROUGH WERE NOT CALVIN'S.

NOT THAT IT MATTERED. CALVIN HAD BEEN HERE.

AND HUB WOULD FOLLOW HIM...

...ANYWHERE.

...END...



TUNNEL OF LOVE

Erik Saltzgaber
writer
Joe Barruso
artist
Jade Moede
letterer

SHIT.

WHAT IS IT
SERGEANT? WHAT'S
THE HOLD UP?

TUNNEL,
SIR.

WELL ISN'T THIS
VIETNAM WAR THE
GODDAMNEST
THING YOU EVER
SAW?

SOLDIERS
TUNNELIN' UNDER
THE EARTH LIKE
WORMS. HOW
ABOUT THAT?

WELL I GUESS YOU
GOOD OL' BOYS KNOW WHAT
THIS MEANS. OUR BODY
COUNT'S FOR SHIT THIS WEEK.
I BELIEVE I'M GONNA
NEED ME A VOLUNTEER
TO GO DOWN INTO THAT
TUNNEL AND BRING ME
BACK SOME GOOK'S EARS.

C'MON NOW.
STEP UP.

I'LL
DO IT.

WELL THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE
TO HEAR.

SOUNDS
KINDA LIKE
FUN.



ATKINS, THAT YOU?
BOY, WHAT TOOK
YOU SO LONG TO
SPEAK UP? NOT
LIKE YOU TO HANG
BACK LIKE THAT.

CLICK



MIND IF
I BORROW
YOUR SIDE
ARM, SIR?



HELL, NO!

GO GET ME
A COUNT BOY. I
WANNA HEAR 'EM
SCREAMING CLEAN
THROUGH THE
DIRT.

GO
GET THEM
DOGGIES!

SEE YOU
AROUND
SIR.



SIR, SHOULDN'T WE HAVE SENT
SOMEONE ELSE ALONG WITH HIM?

AW, SHIT
SERGEANT, AIN'T
NO ONE HUNDRED
BOOKS COULD STAND
UP TO ATKINS IF HE
WAS BUCK NAKED
IN THE MIDDLE OF
A FIELD AND HAD
NOTHIN' BUT A
BITTY LITTLE PEN
KNIFE.

THAT BOY'LL BE
OKAY. LET'S JUST
RELAX AND LET
HIM DO WHAT HE
DOES BEST.



THIS PLACE
IS LIKE A MAZE.
C'MON, FELLAS
WHERE'S THE
PARTY AT...

IT'S
SHOWTIME
FOLKS...

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

KKKIIIAAAA!!

YARG!

AAARRRGHH!!

AAAAIEEE!!

SORRY, FELLAS,
JUST DOING MY
JOB...

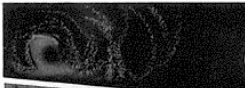
WHERE ARE THE
REST OF YOU?

WE ARE EVERY-
WHERE, POG. YOU WILL
NEVER GET OUT OF HERE
ALIVE, G.I. WE ARE
SPECIAL. WE ARE
PROTECTED BY THE
GENO--

SORRY, HEARD IT
ALL BEFORE. SAY GOOD-
NIGHT, GRACIE

LIEUTENANT'LL
HAVE TO BE
SATISFIED
WITH SIX.

I GOTTA FIND
MY WAY OUT
OF HERE...



SHIT! I COULD
SWEAR THIS PLACE IS
SHIFTING ON ME. I KNOW
I'VE BEEN THROUGH
HERE BEFORE.



JESUS CHRIST! THIS LOOKS
FAMILIAR TOO. FEELS LIKE
SOME CRAZY PATTERN.



GODDAMMIT!
THIS IS THE THIRD
TIME I'VE BEEN
HERE. WHAT THE
HELL IS GOING ON?

SCHUK
SCHUK
SCHUK



OH MAN
NOW WHAT?



YOU HAVE
SOLVED THE
PUZZLE OF THE
TUNNELS.

YOU HAVE
SUMMONED US,
AND YOU MUST
RETURN WITH
US.

YEAH, SURE THING.
LAUGHING BOY. I'M
NOT GOING ANYWHERE
BUT BACK TO MY
PLATOON.

MAN, MORE CRAZY
SHIT IN THIS CRAZY
WAR.

YOU MUST COME
WITH US TO LEVIATHAN,
WHERE YOU WILL BE
RE-MADE.

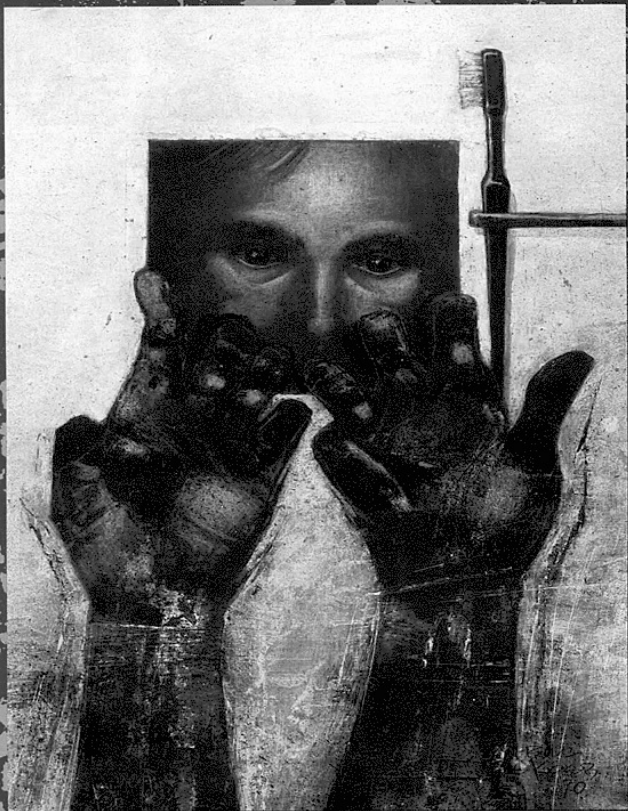
HEY, BLOW ME,
BLUE BOY, WHAT
IF I SAY NO?

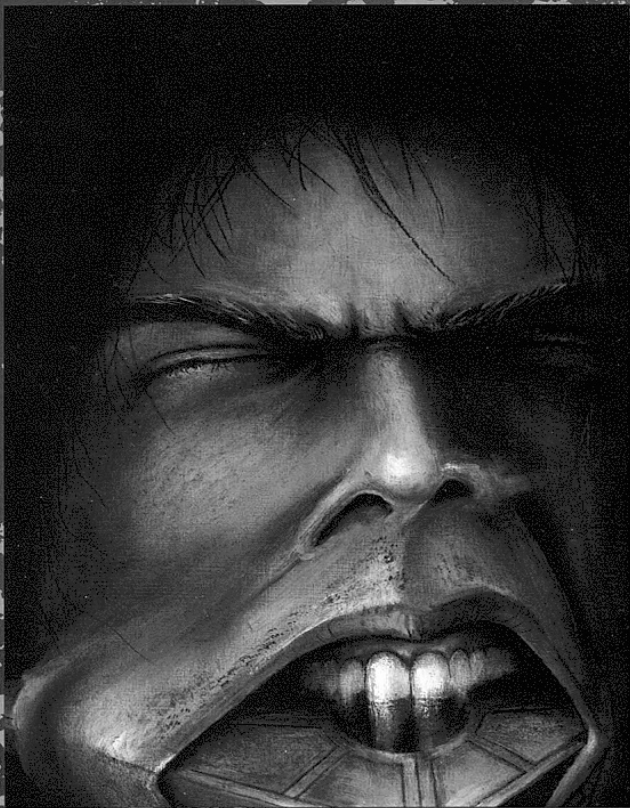
THEN WE WILL
TAKE YOU BY
FORCE.

FINE WITH
ME, FELLAS.

I LOVE A
GOOD FIGHT.

End







SIMON,
YOU SON OF
A BITCH!

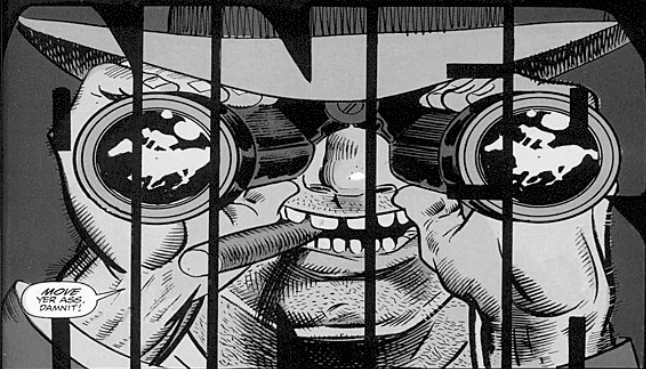
AND THEY'RE OFF! IT'S DINAH GIRL IN FRONT BY A LENGTH, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY CRANKY DAVE ... SPANK ME AND LILIANA'S SURPRISE ARCADE THE SEND WITH TURBO BUFFY AND KANDU TRAILING ... COMING IN LAST NEXT, IT'S DINAH GIRL BY A NOSE WITH SPANK ME AND CRANKY DAVE...



YEAH,
DINAH GIRL!



ALL RIGHT,
WOODEEE!



Bill Mumy
Miguel Ferrer
writers

Bill Wray
artist

John Wellington
color artist
Bill Oakley
letterer

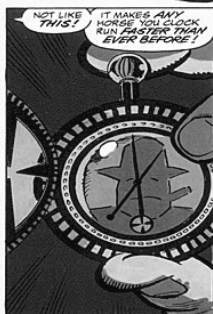














I'LL PROVE IT! ON YOUR OWN HORSE!

UH-HUH. OKAY.



SMITTY, SHOW ME WHAT SHE'S GOT!

YOU'LL SEE.



YEAH, RIGHT.



SEEMS FASTER... BUT HOW?



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

YOU DON'T HAVE A STOPWATCH LIKE THIS, NOW DO YA CASSIDY?

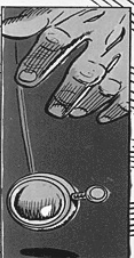
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE BUCKS FOR IT.

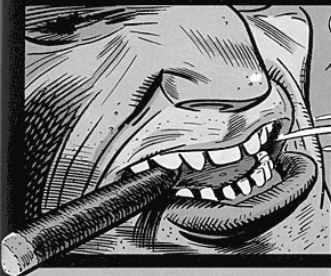
FIVE BUCKS?!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS THING IS **WORTH?**

YEAH, FIVE BUCKS TAKE IT OR TAKE NOTHIN' WINE HEAD.

AHH, COME ON, MAN! I'M SICK! CAN'T YOU DO NO BETTER? I GOTTA GET WELL!
I... I... I...

THERE, IT'S A DEAL. SEE YA AROUND.



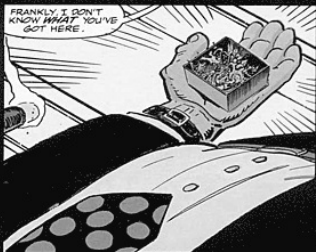


WHAT DO YOU MEAN
YOU CAN'T FIX IT FOR
CHRIST'S SAKE? YOU
GOTTA!

SIR, I FIX MATCHES. ALL
KINDS OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES.
IT'S BEEN MY PROFESSION FOR
OVER THIRTY YEARS, AND I'M
REALLY QUITE GOOD AT IT.



AND I
ASSURE YOU
THIS IS **NOT**
A WATCH.



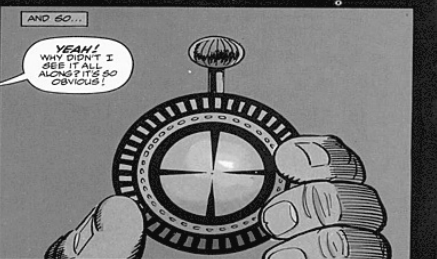
FRANKLY I DON'T
KNOW **WHAT** YOU'VE
GOT HERE.



I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
IT.



IT'S A
PUZZLE TO
ME!





NOW, LET'S
MAKE SOME REAL
DOUGH!

WELL DONE,
CASSIDY. ALMOST
A RECORD
TIME.

WHAT THE...?
JEEZ, DON'T SNEAK
UP ON ME LIKE
THAT!



YOU!
WHERE THE HELL
HAVE YOU BEEN? I
BEEN LOOKIN' ALL
OVER FOR YOU!



OH, I'VE BEEN
VERY BUSY LATELY.
SCOUTING NEW
TALENT FOR THE
BOSSSES.

AND ANYWAY,
I KNEW THE PUZZLE
WAS IN GOOD
HANDS.



SCOUTIN'? YOU?
YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'
ABOUT THE PONIES!
PROBABLY MORE LIKE
SCOUTIN' A CAN OF
STERNO!



WORD IS YOU'RE DEAD
PAL! THAT'S THE KINDA
IMPRESSION YOU MAKE
ON FOLKS!



YES, WELL...
I'LL SHOW
YOU SOMETHING
RATHER
IMPRESSION
RIGHT NOW!

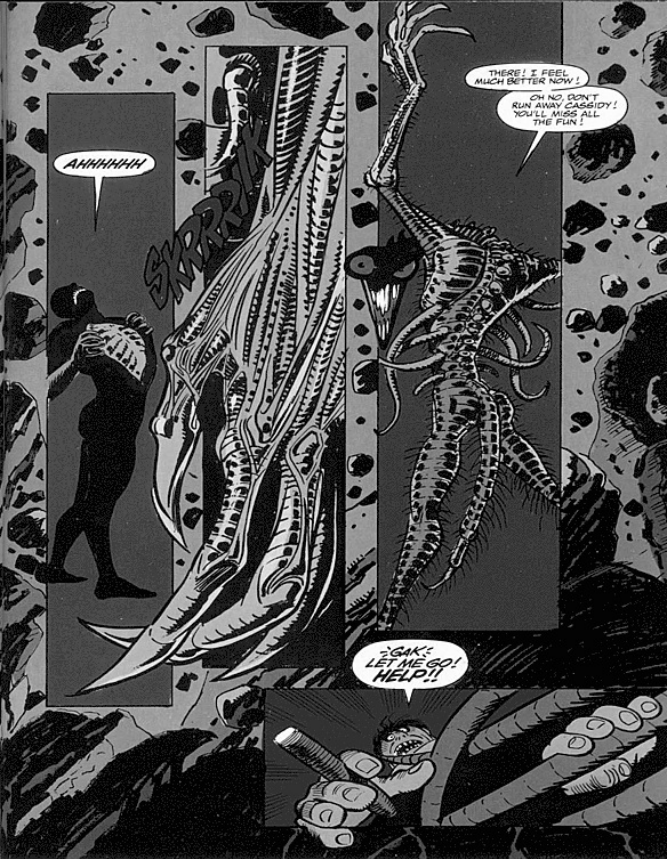
AFTER ALL, YOU
PLACED YOUR TRUST IN
A WATCH THAT ONLY DE-
LIVERED ILLUSIONS...
YOU SOLVED THE
PUZZLE...

YOU SHOULD
BE REWARDED
FOR YOUR
EFFORTS.

MY, IT'S
GETTING WARM
IN HERE!

I THINK I'LL JUST
SLIP INTO SOMETHING
MORE COMFORTABLE.

WH...WH...WHA...
WOAH!



AKHHHHH

THERE! I FEEL
MUCH BETTER NOW!

OH NO, DON'T
RUN AWAY CASSIDY!
YOU'LL MISS ALL
THE FUN!

"GAK!"
LET ME GO!
HELP!!



HA HA HA HA HA!!

OH
GOD!
ON MY
GOD!!

THE OPERATIC SOUND OF A
BILLION SOULS BEING
TORTURED FILLS THE AIR...

OR IS THAT
A BILLION
AND ONE?





PLEASE! OH PLEASE DON'T KILL ME! I'M SORRY FOR WHAT I'VE DONE, MAYBE YOU COULD GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I'LL CHANGE!

YES INDEED MR. CASSIDY, YOU WILL CHANGE!

LET'S NOT HEAR ANYMORE "SORRY" NONSENSE, OR WE'LL CHANGE OUR MINDS!

YOU SEE YOU'VE BEEN RECRUITED, IN A SENSE.



RECRUITED...? FOR WHAT?!

TORTURES OF THE DAMNED, OF COURSE, TORTURES OF THE DAMNED!



NO!!!

YES!



YOU MISUNDERSTAND US, MR. CASSIDY. WE'VE BEEN ADMIRING YOUR APPLICATION OF DISCIPLINE.

WHHA... WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?!

WE HAVE A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE PLANNED FOR YOU, A TRAINING PROGRAM.

YOU WILL BE BORN AGAIN, MR. CASSIDY; NOT OF WOMAN, BUT OF HELLFIRE!





AFTER YOUR
TRANSFORMATION
IN THE CREATION
CHAMBER, YOU
WILL BECOME ONE
OF US!

THE ELITE!
THE BEAUTIFUL! THE
POWERFUL!

A CENOBITE.
OUR LORD LEVIATHAN'S
FRONT LINE IN THE WAR
AGAINST FLESH.



YOU MEAN, I'LL
GET TO...CALL THE
SHOTS, I'LL GET
TO TORTURE
OTHERS?!



YES,
DELICIOUSLY.
ETERNALLY.

AFTER A FASHION, OF COURSE.
FIRST YOU WILL NEED TO BE...
RE-ORDERED.



YOU'RE VERY
VERY LUCKY, MR.
CASSIDY!

YEAH... I
AM LUCKY!
FINALLY!
IT'S LIKE MY
HORSE HAS
COME IN!

SO UM,
WHERE DO
I LINE UP?
HOW LONG
BEFORE I
CAN START?

WE HAVE SUCH SIGHTS TO SHOW YOU...
BUT SUCH THINGS CAN'T BE RUSHED.



IN A WAY, I
GUESS THIS IS
WHAT I'VE BEEN
WORKING ALL
MY LIFE FOR!

YES, A LIFETIME.

"THAT'S ABOUT HOW LONG
IT MIGHT TAKE..."

CASSIDY IS LED TO HIS CREATION
CHAMBER: A GLOWING CELL
FILLED WITH AN IMPOSSIBLE
NUMBER OF BURNING HORSES,
THEIR EYES AFLAME...

"I THOUGHT HE'D BE
DIFFERENT. HE SEEMED
TO WELCOME
RECRUITMENT..."

NO! WAIT!
I DON'T WANT!
STOP THE--
STOP!!

"NO, THE FLESH IS ALWAYS UNSTRUCTURED AT
THE LAST. THEY NEVER APPRECIATE LEVIATHANS
GIFT. BUT HE WILL ... IN TIME."

I THINK
IN TIME,
WE'LL
CALL HIM
"THE
TRAINER."

AAA/IIHHYWHAA!!
AAA/IIHHYWHAA!!
AAA/IIHHYWHAA!!
N

"IF HE MASTERS THE
DISCIPLINE TO STOP
SCREAMING..."

AFTERWORD

Some days are bad. Some days, there are just so many things going on and going wrong that that thin, invisible wire wrapped around my temples tightens convulsively, and I'm certain that Excedrin Headache #55,743 is going to be the one that finally does it.

But that's just some days.

Other days, things can get pretty exciting; like the day we received the letter from the Society of Illustrators, announcing that two pieces from **Hellraiser** (both by SI member Kent Williams — congrats, Kent!) were accepted into their 33rd Annual Competition. Some days, it's pretty rewarding to produce this book.

Then there are days like a recent weekend when, in town for a few days, Clive Barker had the chance to personally peruse the progress on his growing anthology mythology, **Hellraiser**, before speaking at a nearby horror convention. And I had the opportunity to experience the electricity of an auditorium full of fans all rising at once, like some great blanket of villi, to applaud the modern master of horror as he took the stage.

He took time to give more than a passing preview of some of the projects coming up from Epic in these pages and elsewhere, increasing the scope of the **Hellraiser** mythology; projects we'll give you a peek at in the issues ahead. And Dan and I got our ten minutes — thanks, Clive. Some days, it's pretty exciting to produce this book.

And then there's today — the beginning of the last days of a quarterly **Hellraiser**. But don't be afraid. In just three short months, look for the first bimonthly issues, 64 pages of death and terror in "living" color, on sale by June 11th. Now be afraid. Be very afraid.

Make my day.





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Time to deal another dead man's hand,
courtesy of croupier Clive Barker and his
cruel conceits. Here's how the cards
fall tonight...

A pair of lovers must test their
relationship—beyond the grave. Vietnam
makes a soldier and a Cenobite into
two-of-a-kind. Flush with terror, a
mother battles monstrosities for her son's
soul. And when a gambler bets on the
wrong horse, it's a straight-to-hell.

Sit in a round...you may find the
stakes irresistible.

In fact, we'd bet your life on it.

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